

# Weekly News.

WHOLE NO. 2601

## THE WOOL MARKET

THE WOOL MARKET,  
Some of the Causes for Its  
Present Depression.

the best farm in Highland county, and by the way, one of them is a great strapping big fellow, nearly 18 years, so that all three of them wouldn't leave a greaser's spot of me. Well, since you all promise "honest truth," here goes. The name of the ringleader, the one that is here at Delaware, is Alexander Holz, and his stepfather is a hardware merchant of Greendale, Missouri. The next is Bob Hardy, the son of an editor of that town, and lastly, the boys took in Otis Caxton, whose father is the miller in that place.

As I stated Alec originated and engineered the plan, but these trashy dime novels ought to have all the credit of it for it was due to them that he first

thought of doing such a thing. He had been devouring the vile trash, almost by the armload, until his mind had become completely poisoned by the stuff and he could think of nothing but wild bears

wild Indians and wild robbers. Then he had always been used to guns, or ever since he was big enough to lift one to his shoulder, pull back the hammer and fire away. Besides, he was some

thing of a marksman and could kill a jack-rabbit running, bring down a wild turkey or prairie chicken flying, or could slip up and turn over as many ducks on the place as one shot on the coast.

He had a Texas pony, too, and would get on her sometimes in the morning and go off with his breech-loading shotgun and fishing tackle to the river or

large creek, five or ten miles distant, and at night return home with the pony almost loaded down with game and fish. It is not at all strange that a fifteen-year-old boy, who could do this and live

ing in a rather wild country, would soon get it into his head that he could slash and mutilate bears, buffalo, "injuns and sich like," if he could only get a 'em. He studied over and dreamed

about these things until his imagination was so excited that he had to do something. He thought, too, that the folks at home treated him outrageously; his

stepfather was unbearable and his mother wasn't much better. So he decided to run off and do like some of the boys he had read about. Of course, he would come home sometime, but not till he

was a man with whiskers all over his face; and then maybe he would bring a beautiful wife with him and with a part of that immense fortune that he would make, while away, he would buy the

finest residence in Greenfield, and with the rest would start a bank, and be president, cashier and teller all himself. "My, won't mother be proud of me though, and won't the 'old man' be?"

good as pie,' in the hope of borrowing money cheaper than anybody else. But he won't get it for 'one red cent' less," thought Alec, "no matter how much he

tries to feed me on taffy." After building such air-castles as these, he began to think of making his arrangements. Of course he must have a partner; they always did in story books, or, at least, in

the best ones and he was going to do the thing up about right. Who would it be? Why, his chum, Bob Hardy, to be sure. So one day the latter part of February or first of March he proposed to

Bob did not know what about it, at first, but his mind had been running in a good deal the same channel as Alec's and the latter by a burst of eloquence

in recounting his own wrongs and in depicting what grand things they might accomplish if the former only had the "sand" to go in with him, soon convin-

As Bob thought it over he, also, remembered that he had grievous wrongs that should be redressed in this very way. His father had treated him in a way that

no boy, with "spunk and back-bone," ought to stand; his kind mother had been too hard on him of late and his five younger brothers had not treated their manly brother with all the con-

consideration that should be accorded to the one of his years and aspirations and consequently he was soon heart and soul in the enterprise.

"Now," said the sagacious Aree, "we have got to go at this thing right or it won't work. We must have a lot of traps and countrements to keep us running till we make money to buy more."

and furthermore, they must be provided without the old folks 'smellin' a mic or the whole thing will be nipped in the bud." Bob nodded his assent, remarking at the same time, "It'll jist be 'hor-

swoggled' if that ain't the 'mount of pard.'" "Hornswoggled" was almost mouth full for him, but it had come of a dime novel that, either he, or Al had read and so it was just the right

word in the right place. Alec smiled approvingly as he proceeded, "now the first place we must have some shoes, for, when we get out among the hills, everybody will be wearing

and it 'pears to me we ought to have a new pair of trouser-loons apiece." He assented to this also, and the boys agreed to tease their parents until they were

[Continued on eighth page.]